Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemenity.
The ſkipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gave his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſſe vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

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